

King. Goe call him hither presently,
The deepe resolving witty Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde,
And stops he now for breath?

Enter Darby.
How now what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts be yond the seas
Where he abides.

King. Catesby Can My Lord.

King. Rumor is abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whome I will marry straight to Clarence daughter
The boy is foolish and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my Kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murder her brother, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucks on sin,
Teares falling pittie dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.
Is thy name Tirrel?

Tir. James Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious soueraigne.

King. Dar'st thou resolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord; but I had rather kill two deepe enemies.

King. Why there thou hast it, two deepe enemies.

Foes to my rest that my sweete sleepes disturbs,

Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:

Tirrel, I meane those bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue meanes to come to them,

And soone lie rid you from the feare of them,
King. Thou singst sweete musicke, Come hither Tirrell,

Go by that token, rise and leaue thine eare. *Hee whispers in his eare.*

Tis no more but so, say, is it done

And I will loue thee and preferre thee too.

Tir. Tis done my good Lord.

King. Shall wee heare from thee Tirrel, ere we sleepe?

Tir. Yea my good Lord. *Enter Buckingham.*

Buc. My Lord, I haue considered in my mind,
The late demand that you did found me in.

King. Well let that passe Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.

King. Stanley, he is your wiues sonne: Well lookt too it.

Buc. My Lord I claime your gift, my due by promise,
For which your honor and your faith is pawnd,

The Earledome of Herford and the moucables,
The which you promised I should possesse.

King. Stanley looke to your wife, if they conuey
Letters to Richmond you shall answere it.

Buc. What sayes your Highnesse to my iust demand?

King. As I remember Henry the sixt
Did prophesie that Richmond should be King,

When Richmond was a little peeuish boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps,

Buc. My Lord.

King. How chance the prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me I being by, that I should kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promise for the Earledome.

King. Richmond, When last I was at Exeter,
The Maior in curtesie shewed me the Castle,

And called it Rugemount, at which name I started,
Because a Bard of Ireland told me once

I should not liue long after I saw Richmond

Buc. My Lord.

King. I whats a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your grace in minde
Of what you promise me.

King. Well but whats a clocke?

Buc. Vpon the stroke of ten.